The Inventors premeditation upon this Emblematicall Frontiſpice of the ſubſequent pious MEDITATIONS.

MY Heart a matter good indite,
By good Examples Cloud by Day,
By Faiths ſhining Lamp led by Night,
With Zeals wings ſoare up the ſteep way
To Light inacceſſible, which
To Fill, and not be Fill'd, is rich.
Leaving th'Earth and TITLES below,
Where black Heart buried, yet not dead,
Some Poſthume rayes doth now beſtow,
Whiles it lies ſleeping in Deaths bed.
An Adamantine heart GOD leaves,
But takes that which Contrition cleaves.

Let each ſound heart take in good part
This, thus reflected, Broken heart.

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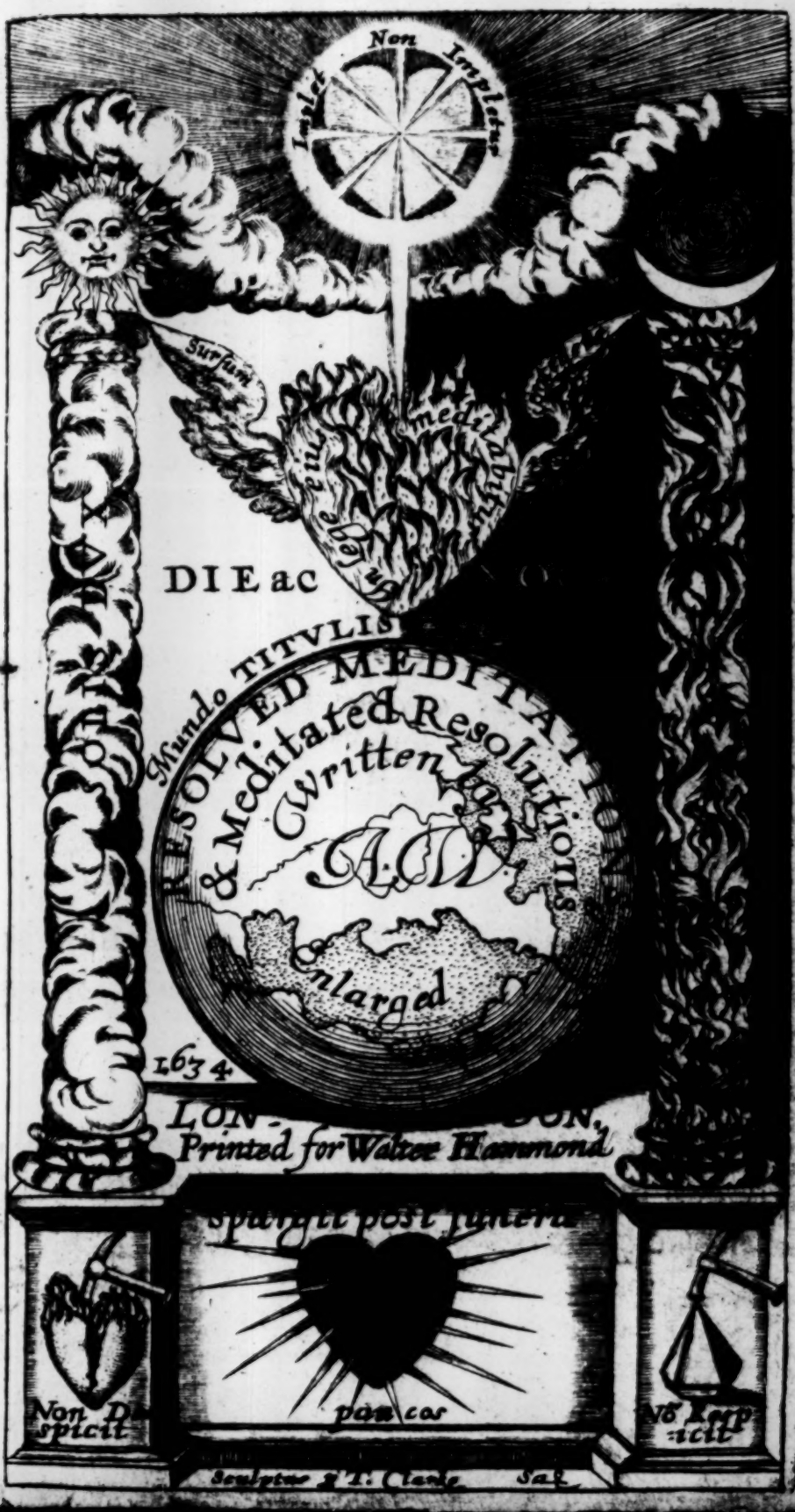
Non Impletur
Implet
Sursum
meditabitur
DIE ac
Mundo TITVLIS
RESOLVED MEDITATIONS
& Meditated Resolutions
Written by
A.C.D.
Enlarged
1634
LON- DON,
Printed for Walter Hammond
Spargit post funera
pauca
Non Despicit
Nō Respicit
Sculptus ā T. Clarke Sal.

Loquela Emblematici Frontiſpicij, in obſequium Inventoris, & piam Authoris memoriam ſuggeſta.

ACcenſus radijs, zeloq́ agitante levatus
In cœlum geminis, flammâ ocyus, evolat, alis
Igne rapax Animus; mundiq́ nitentia tangit
Lumina, Nubigenis, variata, & nixa, Columnis,
Surſum contendens, ſummæq́ Volumina Legis
Secum adamanda, verenda, Dieq́ ac Nocte revolvit.
Hæc alto ſenſu: Mundo. TITULISq́ relictis.
Non illum, DUX SOLIS, amatiq́ arbiter Ortûs
Deſpicit, afflictum: cum mens divulſa fatiſcit,
Cordaq́ dividuo perrumpit Malleus ictu.
Si ſilices geſtat, ſolidoq́ Adamante rigeſcens
Effugit inſultus, & ſævi verbera motûs;
LUNÆ LUX, illum non reſpicit, alma rigorem.
Hîc, fractum COR, Lector, habes, penetrale ſerenæ
Mentis, & innocuæ; per quod, poſt funera paucos
Nunc ſpargit radios animi vigor ultimus, ardor
Verus, & inſtanti, duplicata potentia morte.
Colligat hos, rapiatq́ in concava pectora Candor
Lucidus ingenij; deducetq́ æthere flammas,
Concipietq́ novos æterni luminis ignes.

GVLIEL. HAYDOCK.

Spare-Minutes;
OR,
RESOLVED MEDITATIONS
AND
PREMEDITATED RESOLVTIONS.

Written by A. W.

——Ego cur acquirere pauca
Si poſſim invidear?

EX DONO Bibl. Bodl. DOUCE.

The ſecond Eaition corrected and enlarged.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. B.* for *Walter Hammond*, and are to be ſold by *Michael Sparke*, in Greene Arbour. 1634.

TO
THE RIGHT
Worſhipfull, My
much Honoured
Friend, Sr. *William*
Dodington Knight,
all health and
happineſſe.

Right Worſhipfull,

I *Will not make an over-large gate to my little City: A*

ſhort Epiſtle beſt ſuites with ſo ſmall a volume, and both fitly reſemble your knowledge of mee, and mine acquaintance with you, ſhort, and ſmall. But a mite freely given, makes a poore widow liberall: and in this Preſent, poore, like my habilities, is a thankfulneſſe, infinite, like your deſervings. To ſpeake much, might be thought flattery; to ſay nothing would

would be knowne ingratiade: I muſt therfore be ſhort, I may not bee ſilent. The happy fortune of my tongue hath incouraged my penne: and I humbly crave in the one, what I favourably found in the other, a courteous acceptance. Which if you pleaſe to add to your former favours, & my happineſſe, I ſhall have juſt cauſe to reſt

Your Worſhips truly devoted

ARTHVR WARVVICK.

RESOLVED MEDITATIONS AND Premeditated re-*solutions.*

IT is the over curious ambition of many, to be best or to be none: if they

they may not doe ſo well as they would, they will not doe ſo well as they may. I will doe my beſt to doe the beſt, and what I want in power, ſupply in will. Thus whils I pay in part, I ſhall not bee a debtor for all. Hee owes moſt that payes nothing.

PRide is the greateſt enemy to reaſon, and diſcretion the greateſt oppoſite to pride. For whiles wiſdome makes *art* the *ape* of nature, pride

pride makes nature the ape of art. The Wiſe-man ſhapes his apparell to his body, the proud man ſhapes his body by his apparell. 'Tis no marvell than, if hee know not himſelfe, when hee is not to day, like him he was yeſter-day: and leſſe marvell, if good men will not know him, when hee forgets himſelfe, and all goodneſſe. I ſhould feare, whileſt I thus change my ſhape, leaſt my maker ſhould change his opinion: and finding mee not like him hee made

made mee, reject mee, as none of his making. I would any day put off the old cauſe of my apparell, but not every day put on new faſhioned apparell. I ſee great reaſon, to bee aſhamed of my pride, but no reaſon, to bee proud of my ſhame.

THe reaſon that many men want their deſires, is, becauſe their deſires want reaſon. Hee may doe what hee will, that

that will doe but what he may.

I Should marvell that the Covetous man can ſtill bee poore, when the rich man is ſtill covetous, but that I ſee, a poore man can bee content, when the contented man is onely rich: the one wanting in his ſtore, whiles the other is ſtored in his wants. I ſee then, wee are not rich or poore, by what wee poſſeſſe, but by what we deſire. For he

hee is not rich that hath much, but hee that hath enough: nor hee poore that hath but little, but hee that wants more. If GOD then make mee rich by store, I will not impoverish my selfe by covetousnesse: but if hee make mee poore by want, I will inrich my selfe by content.

HYpocrisie desires to seeme good rather than to be so: honestie desires to bee good ra-

ther

ther than ſeeme ſo. The worldlings purchaſe reputation by the ſale of deſert, wiſemen buy deſert, with the hazard of reputation. I would do much to heare well, more to deſerve well, and rather looſe opinion then merit. It ſhall more joy mee, that I know my ſelfe what I am, than it ſhall grieve me to heare what others report mee. I had rather deſerve well without praiſe, than doe ill with commendation.

A

A Coward in the field is like the *Wiſemans* foole: his heart is at his mouth, and hee doth not know what hee does profeſſe: but a Coward in his faith, is like a foole in his wiſedome; his mouth is in his heart, and hee dares not profeſſe what hee does know. I had rather not know the good I ſhould doe, than not do the good I know. It is better to be beaten with few ſtripes, than with many.

Each

EAch true Christian is a right traveller: his life his walke, CHRIST his way, and Heaven his home. His walke painefull, his way perfect, his home pleasing. I will not loyter, least I come short of home: I will not wander, least I come wide of home, but bee content to travell hard, and be sure walke right, so shall my safe way find its end at home, and my painefull walke make my home welcome.

As

AS is a wound to the body; so is a sinfull body to the soule: the body indangered till the wound bee cured, the soule not sound till the bodies sinne bee healed, and the wound of neither can be cured without dressing, nor dressed without smarting. Now as the smart of the wound, is recompensed by the cure of the body: so is the punishment of the body sweetned by the health of the soule.

Let

Let my wound smart by dressing, rather than my bodie die; Let my body smart by correction, rather than my soule perish.

IT is some hope of goodnesse not to grow worse: It is a part of badnesse not to grow better. I will take heed of quenching the sparke, and strive to kindle a fire. If I have the goodnesse, I should, it is not too much, why should I make it lesse? If I keepe

keepe the goodneſſe I have 'tis not enough: Why doe I not make it more? Hee ne're was ſo good as hee ſhould bee, that doth not ſtrive to be better than he is: He never will be better than he is, that doth not feare to bee worſe than hee was.

HEalth may be injoyed; ſickneſſe muſt be indured: one body is the object of both, one GOD the Author of both. If then hee give me

mee health, I will thankfully enjoy it, and not thinke it too good, since it is his mercy that bestowes it: if hee send sickenesse, I will patiently indure it, and not thinke it too great, since it is my sinne that deserves it. If in health; I will strive to preserve it by praising of him: if in sickenesse; I will strive to remove it, by praying to him. Hee shall bee my GOD in sickenesse and in health, and my trust shall bee in him in health and in sickenesse. So in my health,

I ſhall not need to feare ſickneſſe, nor in any ſickneſſe deſpaire of health.

IT is the uſuall plea of poverty to blame miſ-fortune, when the ill-finiſhed cauſe of complaint is a worke of their owne forging. I will either make my fortunes good, or bee content they are no worſe. If they are not ſo good, as I would they ſhould have beene, they are not ſo bad, as I know they might have beene. What though

though I am not ſo happy as I deſire: 'Tis well I am not ſo wretched as I deſerve.

THere is nothing to be gotten by the worlds love, nothing to bee loſt (but its love) by its hate, Why then ſhould I ſeeke that love that cannot profit mee, or feare that malice that cannot hurt mee? If I ſhould love it, for loving mee, GOD would hate mee, for loving it, If I loath it for hating

mee, it cannot hurt mee for loathing it. Let it then hate mee, and I will forgive it, but if it love me, I will never requite it. For since its love is hurtfull, and its hate harmeleſſe, I will contemne its hate, and hate its love.

AS there is a folly in wit, ſo there is a wiſdome in ignorance. I would not bee ignorant in a neceſſary knowledge, nor wiſe above wiſdome. If I know enough

enough I am wiſe enough, If I ſeeke more I am fooliſh.

ITs no marvell that man hath loſt his rule over the creature, when hee would not bee ruled by the will of the Creator. Why ſhould they feare man, when man would not obey GOD? I could wiſh no creature had power to hurt mee, I am glad ſo many creatures are ordained to helpe me. If GOD allow enough to ſerve me,

I will not expect that all ſhould feare me.

NO affliction (for the time) ſeemes joyous, all time in affliction ſeemes tedious. I will compare my miſeries on earth with my joyes in heaven, and the length of my miſeries, with its eternity, ſo ſhall my journey ſeeme ſhort; and my burthen eaſie.

There

THere is nothing more certaine than death, nothing more uncertaine than the time of dying. I will therefore bee prepared for that at all times, which may come at any time, muſt come at one time or another. I ſhall not haſten my death by being ſtill ready, but ſweeten it. It makes me not die the ſooner, but bee the better.

THe commendation of a bad thing, is his ſhortneſſe, of a good thing its continuance: it were happie for the damned, if their torments knew end, 'tis happier for the Saints that their joyes are eternall. If man, that is borne of a woman, bee full of miſery, 'tis well that hee hath but a ſhort time to live; if his life be a walke of paine, its a bleſſing, that his daies are but a ſpanne-long.

Happie

Happie miſeries that end in joy : happie joyes that know no end: happie end that diſſolves to eternity.

HAd I not more confidence in the truth of my Saviour, than in the traditions of men, povertie might ſtagger my faith, and bring my thoughts into a perplexed Purgatorie. Wherein are the poore bleſſed, if pardon ſhall bee purchaſed onely by expenſe? Or how is it

hard for a rich man to enter into heaven, if money may buy out the paſt, preſent and future ſinnes of himſelfe, his deceaſed and ſucceeding progeny? If Heaven bee thus ſold, what benefit has my poverty, by the price already paid? I finde no happineſſe in Roome on earth, 'Tis happineſſe for mee to have Roome in heaven.

There

THere is no estate of life so happie in this world, as to yeeld a Christian the perfection of content: and yet there is no estate of life so wretched in this world, but a Christian must bee content with it. Though I can have nothing heere that may give mee true content, yet I will learne to bee truely contented heere with what I have. What care I though I have not much (If I

have enough) I have as much as I desire. If I have as much as I want, I have as much as the most, if I have as much as I desire.

IT is the greatest of all sinnes alway to continue in sinne. For where the custome of sinning waxeth greater, the conscience for sinne growes the lesse: it is easier to quench a sparke, then a fire; I had rather breake the Cockatri-

Cockatrices egg, then kill the Serpent. O daughter of *Babylon*, happie ſhall hee bee that taketh thy children whileſt they are young and daſheth them againſt the ſtones.

NAture bids mee love my ſelfe and hate all that hurt mee, Reaſon bids me love my friends and hate thoſe that envie mee, Religion bids mee love all and hate none. Nature ſheweth care, Reaſon

ſon wit, Religion love. Nature may induce me, Reaſon perſwade mee, but Religion ſhall rule mee. I will hearken to Nature in much, to Reaſon in more, to Religion in all. Nature ſhall make mee carefull of my ſelfe, but hatefull to none; Reaſon ſhall make mee wiſe for my ſelfe but harmeleſſe to all. Religion ſhall make mee loving to all, but not careleſſe of my ſelfe. I may heare the former, I will hearken onely to the later; I ſubſcribe to

ſome

some things in all, to all things in Religion.

ABundance is a trouble, want a misery, honour a burthen, baseness a scorne, advancements dangerous, disgrace odious. Onely a Competent estate yeelds the quiet of content. I will not climbe, least I fall, nor lye in the ground, least I am trod on. I am safest whiles my legges beare me. A competent heate

is

is moſt helthfull for my body, I would deſire neither to freeze nor to burne.

A Large promiſe without performance is like a falſe fire to a great Peece, which diſchargeth a good expectation with a bad report. I will fore-thinke what I will promiſe, that I may promiſe but what I will doe. Thus whileſt my words are led by my thoughts, and followed by my actions,

ons, I ſhall bee carefull in my promiſes; and juſt in their performance. I had rather doe and not promiſe, than promiſe and not doe.

THE good-meaner hath two tongues, the Hypocrite a double tongue. The good mans heart ſpeakes without his tongue, the Hypocrites tongue without his heart. The good man hath oftentimes GOD in his heart,

heart, when in his mouth there is no GOD mentioned: the Hypocrite hath GOD often in his mouth, when the foole hath ſaid in his heart *there is no GOD*. I may ſooneſt heare the tongue, but ſafeſt the heart, the tongue ſpeaketh lowdeſt, but the heart trueſt.

THe ſpeech of the tongue is beſt known to men: GOD beſt underſtands the language of the heart: the heart with-

without the tongue may pierce the eares of heaven, the tongue without the heart ſpeakes an unknowne language. No marvell then if the deſires of the poore are heard, when the prayers of the wicked are unregarded. I had rather ſpeake three words in a ſpeech that God knowes, then pray three houres in a language hee underſtands not.

Medi-

MEditation is the wombe of our actions, Action the midwife of our Meditations. A good and perfect conception, if it want strength for the birth, perisheth in the wombe of the minde, and, if it may be said to bee borne, it must be said to be stillborne: a bad and imperfect conception, if it hath the happinesse of a birth, yet the minde is but delivered of a burthen of imperfections, in the per-

perfection of deformity, which may beg with the cripple at the gate of the Temple, or periſheth through its imperfections. If I meditate what's good to be done, and doe not the good I have meditated, I looſe my labour, and make curſt my knowledge. If I doe the thing that is good, and intend not that good that I doe, it is a good action, but not well done. Others may injoy ſome benefit, I deſerve no commendations. Reſolution without action is a ſloathfull folly,

ly, Action without resolution is a fooliſh raſhneſſe. Firſt know whats good to be done, then do that good being knowne. If forecaſt be not better than labour, labour is not good without forecaſt. I would not have my actions done without knowledge, nor againſt it.

IT is the folly of affection not to comprehend my erring friend, for feare of his anger : it is the abſtract of folly, to be

be angry with my friend, for my errors reprehenſion. I were not a friend, if I ſhould ſee my friend out of the way, and not adviſe him: I were unworthy to have a friend, if hee ſhould adviſe mee (being out of the way) and I bee angry with him. Rather let mee have my friends anger than deſerve it; rather let the righteous ſmite mee friendly by reproofe, than the pretious oyle of flatterie, or connivence, breake my head. It is a folly to flie ill-will

will, by giving a juſt cauſe of hatred. I thinke him a truer friend that deſerves my love, than he that deſires it.

WHen Children meet with primroſes, nuts, or apples in their way, I ſee thoſe pleaſures are oftimes occaſions to make them loyter in their errands, ſo that they are ſure to have their Parents diſpleaſure, and oftimes their late retunre findes a barr'd

barr'd entrance to their home, whereas thoſe who meete with dangers in the way, make haſte in their journey, and their ſpeede makes them welcomed, with commendation. Nature hath ſent mee abroad into the world, and I am every day travelling homeward: If I meete with ſtore of miſeries in my way, diſcretion ſhall teach mee a religious haſte in my journey: And if I meete with pleaſures, they ſhall pleaſure mee oncly by putting mee in

in minde of my pleaſures at home, which ſhall teach me to ſcorne theſe, as worſe than trifles. I will never more reckon a troubleſome life, a curſe, but a bleſſing. A pleaſant journey is deere bought with the loſſe of home.

WHen I ſee the fiſher bait his hook, I think on Sathans ſubtile malice, who ſugars over his poyſoned hookes with ſeeming-plea-

pleaſures. Thus *Eves* apple was canded with divine knowledge, *yee ſhall bee as Gods knowing good and evill.* When I ſee the fiſh faſt hang'd, I thinke upon the covetous Worldling, who leapes at the profit without conſidering the danger. Thus *Achan* takes the gold and the garment and ne're conſiders that his life muſt anſwer it. If Sathan be ſuch a fiſher of men, its good to looke before wee leape. Honey may bee eaten, ſo that wee take heede of the ſting.

I will honeſtly injoy my delights, but not buy them with danger.

I See, when I have but a ſhort journey to travell, I am quickly at home, ſoone out of the paine of my travell, ſoone into the poſſeſſion of my reſt. If my life be but my walke, and heaven my home, why ſhould I deſire a long journey? Indeed knowing my home ſo pleaſant, I would not bee wearie with a long

walke, but yet the ſhorter my journey, the ſooner my reſt.

I Cannot ſee two ſawyers worke at the pit, but they put mee in minde of the Phariſee and the Publican: the one caſts his eye upward, whiles his actions tend to the pit infernall: the other ſtanding with a dejected Countenance, whiles his hands and heart move upward. It is not a ſhame to make

ſhew of our profeſſion, ſo we truely profeſſe what wee make ſhew of: But of the two, I had rather bee good, and not ſeeme ſo, than ſeeme good, and not bee ſo. The Publican went home to his houſe rather juſtified then the Phariſee.

WHen I thinke on the Eagles carying up of the ſhell-fiſh into the ayre, onely to the end hee may breake him

him by his fall, it puts mee in minde of the divelliſh coſtly courteſies, who out of the bountie of his ſubtilty, is ſtill ready to advance us to deſtruction. Thus more then once hee dealt with my Redeemer, no ſooner had hee rais'd him to the top of an high pinacle, but ſtraight followes, *caſt thy ſelfe downe*; and having placed him on an high mountaine, let him *fall downe* and hee ſhall bee largely rewarded with his owne. If advancement be ſo dan-

gerous, I will take heed of being ambitious. Any estate shall give mee content: I am high enough if I can stand upright.

WHen I see leaves drop from their trees, in the beginning of Autumne, just such thinke I, is the friendship of the world. Whiles the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarme in abundance, but in the winter of my need, they leave me naked.

ked. Hee is an happie man that hath a true friend at his need: but hee is more truely happie that hath no need of his friend.

I Should wonder, that the unſatiable deſires of ambition can finde no degree of content, but that I ſee they ſeeke a perfection of honour on earth, when the fulneſſe of glory is onely in heaven. The honour on earth is full of degrees, but no degree

admits a perfection: Whereas the glory of heaven admits of degrees, but each degree affoords a fullneſſe. Heere, one may bee lower then another in honour, and yet the higheſt want a glory: There, though one Starre differs from another in glory, yet in the fullneſſe of glory they all ſhine as Starres. Heere, the greateſt may want, there the leaſt hath enough: Heere, all the earth may not bee enough for one; There, one heaven is enough for

for all. LORD let me rather be leaſt there, without honour heere, then the greateſt heere, without glory there. I had rather bee a dore-keeper in that houſe, then a ruler in theſe tents.

WHen I ſee the heavenly ſun buried under earth in the evening of the day, and in the morning to finde a reſurrection to his glory; Why (thinke I) may not the ſonnes of hea-

ven, buried in the earth, in the evening of their daies, expect the morning of their glorious Resurrection: Each night is but the past-dayes funerall, and the morning his Resurrection: Why then should our funerall sleepe bee other then our sleepe at night? Why should we not as well awake to our Resurrection, as in the morning? I see night is rather an intermission of day, then a deprivation, and death rather borrowes our life of us then robbs us of it.

Since

Since then the glory of the ſunne findes a Reſurrection, why ſhould not the ſonnes of glory? Since a dead man may live againe, I will not ſo much looke for an end of my life, as waite for the comming of my change.

I See, that candle yeelds mee ſmall benefit at day, which at night much ſteeds mee: and I know, the cauſe is not becauſe the candles light was leſſe at

at day, but becauſe the daies light is leſſe in the evening. As my friends love to mee, ſo mine to my friend may bee at all times alike; but wee beſt ſee it, when wee moſt need it: and that, not becauſe our love is then greater, but our want. Though then I welcome a courteſie according to my want, yet I will value a courteſie according to its worth. That my fortunes need not my friends courteſie, is my happineſſe; ſhould my happineſſe ſleight my friends

friends courteſie, 'twere my folly.

I See that candle makes ſmall ſhew in the day which at night yeelds a glorious luſtre, not becauſe the candle has then more light, but becauſe the ayre hath then more darkeneſſe. How prejudiciall then is that ambition, which makes mee ſeeme leſſe then I am, by preſuming to make mee greater then I ſhould bee. They whoſe glo-

ry

ry ſhines as the ſparkes amongſt ſtubble, looſe their light, if compared to the Sonne of glory. I will not ſeat my ſelfe higher then my place, leaſt I ſhould bee diſgraced to an humility, but if I place my ſelfe lower then my ſeat, I may be advanced to the honour of, *friend ſit up higher.* I had rather bee exalted by my humility, then be brought low by my exaltation.

I See that candle which is as a ſunne in the darkeneſſe, is but as a darkeneſſe in the ſunne: the candle not more lightning the nights darkeneſſe, then the ſunne darkning the candles light. I will take heed then of contention, eſpecially with great ones. As I may bee too ſtrong for the weaker; ſo I muſt bee too weake for the ſtronger. I cannot ſo eaſily vanquiſh mine inferiors,

ors, but my ſuperiors may as eaſily conquer mee: I will doe much to bee at peace with all men, but ſuffer much ere I contend with a mighty man.

I See when I follow my ſhadow it flies me, When I flie my ſhadow it followes mee: I know pleaſures are but ſhadowes, which hold no longer then the ſunſhine of my fortunes. Leaſt then my pleaſures ſhould forſake mee, I will for-

ſake

ſake them. Pleaſure moſt flies me when I moſt follow it.

IT is not good to ſpeake evill of all whom wee know bad: it is worſe to judge evill of any, who may prove good. To ſpeake ill upon knowledge, ſhewes a want of charity: to ſpeake ill upon ſuſpition ſhewes a want of honeſty. I will not ſpeake ſo bad as I know of many: I will not ſpeake worſe then

then I know of any. To know evill by others, and not ſpeake it, is ſometimes diſcretion: to ſpeake evill by others, and not know it, is alway diſhoneſty. Hee may bee evill himſelfe who ſpeakes good of others upon knowledge, but hee can never bee good himſelfe, who ſpeakes evill of others upon ſuſpition.

A Bad great one is a great bad one. For the greatneſſe of an evill man, makes the mans evill the greater. It is the unhappie priviledge of authority, not ſo much to act, as teach wickedneſſe, and by a liberall cruelltie, to make the offenders ſinne not more his owne then others. Each fault in a leader is not ſo much a crime, as a rule for error: And their vices are made,

made, (if not warrants, yet) presidents for evill. To sinne by prescription, is as usuall as damnable: and men run poast in their journey, when they goe to the divell with authority. When then the vices of the rulers of others, are made the rules for vices to others, the offences of all great ones must needs bee the greatest of all offences. Either then let mee bee great in goodnesse, or else it were good for mee to bee without greatnesse. My owne sinnes

ſinnes are a burthen too heavie for mee, why then ſhould I lade my ſelfe with others offences?

TO ſpeake all that is true, is the property of fooles: to ſpeake more then is true, is the folly of —— too many. Hee that ſpends all that is his owne, is an unthrifty prodigall: Hee that ſpends more then is his owne, is a diſhoneſt unthrift. I may ſometimes know what

what I will not utter, I muſt never utter what I doe not know. I ſhould bee loath to have my tongue ſo large as my heart, I would ſcorne to have my heart leſſe then my tongue. For if to ſpeake all that I know, ſhewes too much folly, to ſpeake more then I know ſhewes too little honeſty.

IT is the ambitious folly of too many, to imitate

imitate rather greatneſſe then goodneſſe. They will ſooner follow the example of their Lord, then the precepts of their GOD. I will alway honour greatneſſe, I will onely imitate goodneſſe: and rather doe good without a patterne, then commit evill in imitation. 'Tis better to bee ſaved without a preſident, then to bee damn'd by example.

There

THere is no ſecurity in evill ſociety, where the good are often made worſe, the bad ſeldome better. For it is the peeviſh induſtry of wickedneſſe, to finde, or make a fellow. 'Tis like, they will bee birds of a feather, that uſe to flocke together. For ſuch commonly doth their converſation make us, as they are with whom wee uſe to converſe.

I cannot bee certaine, not to meet with evill company, but I will bee carefull, not to keepe with evill company. I would willingly sort my selfe with such, as should either teach, or learne goodnesse: and if my companion cannot make mee better, nor I him good, I will rather leave him ill, then hee shall make me worse.

TO teach goodneſſe is the greateſt praiſe, to learne goodneſſe, the greateſt profit. Though he bee wiſeſt that can teach, yet he that doth learne is wiſer. I will not therefore be unwilling to teach, nor aſhamed to learne. I cannot bee ſo ignorant, but I may learne ſomewhat, nor ſo wiſe but I may teach more. I will therefore teach what I know, and learne what I know not. Though it

it be a greater praiſe to teach, then to learne, yet it is a leſſer ſhame to learne then to be ignorant.

AS there is a miſery in want, ſo there is a danger in exceſſe. I would therefore deſire neither more, nor leſſe, then enough. I may as well die of a ſurfet, as of hunger.

IT is the apish nature of many, to follow rather example then precepts: but it would bee the safest course of all, to learne rather by precept then example. For ther's many a good Divine that cannot learne his owne teaching. It is easier to say this doe, then to doe it. When therefore I see good doctrine with an evill life, I may pittie the one, but I will practise onely

onely the other. The good sayings belong to all, the evill actions onely to their authors.

THere are two things necessary for a traveller, to bring him to the end of his journey: a knowledge of his way, a perseverance in his walke. If hee walke in a wrong way, the faster he goes the further he is from home: if he sit still in a right way, he may know his home, but ne're come

to it: Discreet stayes make speedie journeyes. I will first then know my way, ere I begin my walke: the knowledge of my way is a good part of my journey. Hee that faints in the execution looseth the glory of the action. I will therefore not onely know my way, but also goe on in my way: I had rather my journey should want a beginning, then come to an untimely end. If heaven bee my home, and CHRIST my way, I will learne to know

know my way, ere I haſte to travell to my home. Hee that runs haſtily in a way hee knowes not, may come ſpeedily to an home he loves not. If CHRIST be my way, and heaven my home, I will rather indure my painefull walke, then want my perfect reſt. I more eſteeme my home then my journey; my actions ſhall bee led by knowledge, my knowledge be followed by my actions. Ignorance is a bad mother to devotion, and idleneſſe a bad ſteward to

to knowledge.

I Cannot but wonder at the folly of thoſe hearts, who are like to kill themſelves with the feare of dying, making the newes of an inſuing miſchiefe, a worſe miſchiefe then that they have newes of: whereas the foreknowledge of an approaching evill, is a benefit of no ſmall good. For if it cannot teach us to prevent it by providence,

it

it may ſhew us, how to ſuſtaine it by patience. I may grieve with the ſmart of an evill, as ſoone as I feele it: But I will not ſmart with the griefe of an evill as ſoone as I heare of it. My evill when it commeth may make my griefe too great, why then ſhould my griefe before it comes make my evill greater?

AS I see in the body, so I know in the soule, they are oft most desperately sicke, who are least sensible of their disease: whereas hee that feares each light wound for mortall, seekes a timely cure, and is healed. I will not reckon it my happinesse, that I have many sores, but since I have them, I am glad they greeve mee. I know the cure is not the more dangerous, be-

becauſe my wounds are more grievous; I ſhould be more ſicke if I plained leſſe.

IT is one, not of the leaſt evills; not to avoid the appearance of evill, which oft makes the innocent juſtly puniſhed with undeſerved ſuſpition. I would deſire to bee thought good, but yet I had rather be ſo. It is no ſmall happineſſe to be free from ſuſpicion, but a greater to bee void of offence. I would

would willingly be neither evill nor ſuſpected: but of the two I had rather be ſuſpected and not deſerve it, then deſerve evill and not be ſuſpected.

I Know but one way to heaven, I have but one Mediator in heaven, even one Chriſt: and yet I heare of more Waies, more Mediators. Are there then more Chriſts? *Are the Lords waies as your waies* that wee muſt goe to the King of heaven as unto

unto a King on earth? Or if wee muſt, yet if my King bid me come ſhall I ſend an other? If he bid me come unto him, ſhall I goe unto another? If he bid me aske for peace onely in the name of the Prince of peace, why ſhould I mention the Lady Mary? If I ſhall be heard onely in the name of his ſonne, why ſhould I uſe the name of his ſervants? Were it a want of manners, or a want of obedience to come when I am bid? Is another better, or am I too good

good to goe in mine owne errands to the Almighty? Becauſe the ſonne was worſe uſed then the ſervants on earth, ſhall the ſervants therefore bee ſooner heard then the Sonne in heaven? There are ſtill unjuſt Husbandmen in the Lords vineyard, who not onely abuſe the ſervants, but kill againe the Sonne, and rob him of his due inheritance. When the LORD therefore of the Vineyard commeth, what will he doe to theſe Husbandmen? I doe not envie

your

your glory yee Saints of GOD, yet I will not attribute the glory of my GOD to his Saints. How ſhall my GOD glorifie mee, if I ſhould give his glory to another?

TO be without paſſion is worſe then a beaſt, to be without reaſon, is to bee leſſe then a man. Since I can be without neither, I am bleſſed, in that I have both. For, if it bee not againſt reaſon to be paſſionate, I will not

not be paſſionate againſt reaſon. I will both greeve and joy, if I have reaſon for it, but not joy nor grieve above reaſon. I will ſo joy at my good as not to take evill by my joy: ſo grieve at any evill as not to increaſe my evill by my griefe. For it is not a folly to have paſſion, but to want reaſon. I would bee neither ſenſeleſſe, nor beaſtly.

It

IT is the folly of wit in ſome, to take paines to trimme their labours in obſcurity. It is the ignorance of learning in others, to labour to deveſt their paine by bluntneſſe; the one thinking hee never ſpeakes wiſely, till he goes beyond his owne, and all mens underſtandings: the other thinking hee never ſpeakes plainely, till hee dive beneath the ſhalloweſt apprehenſion. I as little affect curioſity

riosity in the one, as I care for the affectation of baldnesse in the other. I would not have the pearle of heavens kingdome so curiously set in gold, as that the art of the workeman should hide the beauty of the jewell: nor yet so sleightly valued, as to be set in lead: or so beastly used as to be slubbered with durt. I know the pearle (how ever placed) still retaines its vertue, yet I had rather have it set in gold, then seeke it in a dunghill. Neat apparell is an ornament

nament to the body, but a diſgrace, if either proud or ſlovenly.

I See corruption ſo largely rewarded, that I doubt not, but I ſhould thrive in the world, could I but get a diſpenſation of my conſcience for the liberty of trading. A little flattery would get mee a great deale of favour, and I could buy a world of this worlds love, with the ſale of this little trifle *Honeſtie*. Were this world

world my home, I might perhaps be trading: but alas, theſe merchandize yeeld leſſe then nothing in heaven. I would willingly be at quiet with the world, but rather at peace with my conſcience. The love of men is good, whiles it laſteth, the love of GOD is better being everlaſting. Let me then trade for thoſe heavenly marchandize: if I finde theſe other in my way, they are a great deale more then I looke for, and (within little) more then I care for.

As

AS faith is the evidence of things not ſeene: ſo things that are ſeene are the perfecting of faith. I beleeve a tree will be greene, when I ſee him leaveleſſe in winter: I know he is greene when I ſee him flouriſhing in ſummer. It was a fault in *Thomas* not to beleeve till he did ſee. It were a madneſſe in him not to beleeve when he did ſee. Beleefe may ſomtime exceed reaſon, not oppoſe it, and faith be often above

above ſenſe not againſt it. Thus whiles faith doth aſſure mee that I eate CHRIST effectually, ſenſe muſt aſſure me that I taſte bread really. For though I oftentimes ſee not thoſe things that I beleeve, yet I muſt ſtill beleeve thoſe things that I ſee.

THere is none ſo innocent as not to be evill ſpoken of, none ſo wicked as to want all commendation. There are too many who condemne the juſt

juſt, and not a few who juſtifie the wicked. I oft heare both envie and flattery ſpeaking falſehoods of my ſelfe, to my ſelfe, and may not the like tongues performe the like taskes, of others to others? I will know others by what they doe themſelves, but not learn my ſelfe by what I heare of others. I will be carefull of mine own actions, not credulous of others relations.

The

THe Croſſe is but a ſigne of CHRIST crucified, CHRIST crucified the ſubſtance of this Croſſe. The ſigne without the ſubſtance is as nothing, the ſubſtance without the ſigne is all things. I hate not the ſigne, though I adore but the ſubſtance. I will not blaſpheme the Croſſe of CHRIST, I will not worſhip but CHRIST crucified. I will take up my *Croſſe*, I will love my

my *Crosse*, I will beare my *Crosse*, I will imbrace my *Crosse*, yet not adore my *Crosse*. All knees shall bend in reverence to his name, mine never bow in idolatry to his image.

IT is the nature of man to be proud, when man by nature hath nothing to be proud of. Hee more adorneth the Creature, then he adoreth the *Creator*: and makes, not onely his belly his God,

but his body. I am ashamed of their glory, whose *glory is their shame.* If nature will needs have me to bee proud of something, I will bee proud onely of this, that I am proud of nothing.

AS the Giver of all things, so each receiver loveth a cheerefull giver. For a bargaine is valued by the worth of the thing bought, but a gift by the minde

minde of the party giving: which made the widowes mite of more worth, then the riches of *superfluitie*. I see then, he gives not best that gives most, but he gives most, that gives best. If then I cannot give bountifully, yet I will give freely, and what I want in my hand, supply by my heart. Hee gives well that gives willingly.

I See at a feaſt, that others feed heartily on that diſh which perhaps would not ſuite with my appetite, whileſt I make as good a meale on thoſe cates, that perhaps their palats could not reliſh. I will not therefore thinke I doe well becauſe my actions pleaſe not others, nor bee confident that my actions are good, becauſe my doings pleaſe my ſelfe: but bee more

more carefull to provide what is good at a feaſt, then what's delightfull: and more ſtudy to expreſſe what is honeſt in my actions, then what's pleaſing. So, if ſicke ſtomackes cannot reliſh my ſound meates, the fault ſhall light on their ill appetites: and if unſeaſoned judgements like not my honeſt intentions, the fault ſhall fall on their ill reliſhed apprehenſions. It would pleaſe mee well to have praiſe when I deſerve it;

but joy mee more to deserve praise when I have it.

FINIS.

Spare-Minutes;

OR,

RESOLVED MEDITATIONS AND PREMEDITATED RESOLVTIONS.

The Second part.

written by ARTHVR WARVVICK.

LONDON,

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TO THE VERTVOVS *and Religious Gentle-*

woman my much esteemed friend Mistrisse ANNE ASHTON, be health and happinesse heere and hereafter.

Worthy Mistrisse,

THE *acknowledgement of your favours shal bee my meanest thanks and*

and to thanke you for thoſe favours, muſt bee my beſt acknowledgement. I can doe no more, I will doe no leſſe. Nor have I any better meanes to ſhew my owne living gratefullneſſe, then by coupling it with my dead Sons thankfullneſſe, and by receiving his, to enliven my owne, and to teſtifie both to poſterity, by this ſmall memoriall. Neither is it unſutable that

that his ſtudy ſhould yeeld ſome matter of thankfullneſſe after his death, who in his life time ſtudied to be thankfull to you his moſt deſerving friend. Which gave me (his ſad father) a fit hint to dedicate theſe his laſt Meditations *to your ſelfe, to whoſe name and worth, he meditated and intended, to rayſe a fairer Monument, had hee lived. This prevented, what*

what remaineth, but that this remnant cloathe his thankfullneſſe as farre as it can, and ſupply the neceſſitated defect of his uneffected purpoſe. Theſe collected out of looſe papers, ſeeme to bee wrought in ſome ſudaine temperate heate of his honeſt fantaſie, and hammered on the anvill of objected occaſions, and being forged roughly into theſe ſhapes, were caſt a tooling

ling into the next paper that came to hand: and ſo wanting filing, and poliſhing, muſt crave pardon for their ruder forme. They aſſume their greateſt worth and value from your courteous acceptance, and accompt it their chiefeſt happineſſe, if, for them, you love his memory while you live, who endeavoured to make your memory out-live your ſelfe. This if you deigne

deigne to doe you ſhall much comfort the ſadneſſe of

Your aſſured and

devoted friend

Arthur Warwick.

RESOLVED *Meditations* AND *PREMEDITATED* Reſolutions.

The Second part.

WHen one aſcends from the ground to an higher roome, I obſerve with what

what contempt he inſults and tramples on the ſtaires by which he riſeth, and how he firſt and moſt durteth that ſtep by which he firſt ſtepped from the durt. Which putteth me in minde of the practice of the aſpiring ambitious, who, to get up to their wiſhed height of honour, bedurt with ſcorne, and neglect thoſe by whoſe ſhoulders they were firſt mounted, and exalted I hate that ambition which inforceth ingratitude; which, being

the

the baſeſt of vices, cannot but foyle, and diſgrace a man graced with ſuch honours. I am not preferr'd with honour, if debaſed with ingratitude.

HE that will not be perſwaded to leape downe from an high chamber at once, commeth willingly downe by the ſtayres: and yet the declining degrees of his winding deſcent make it not leſſe downward to him, but leſſe per-

perceived of him. His leape might have brought him downe ſooner, it could not have brought him down lower. As I am then fearefull to act great ſinnes, ſo I will bee carefull to avoid ſmall ſinnes. He that contemn's a ſmall fault commits a great one. I ſee many drops make a ſhower: and what difference is it, whether I be wet either in the raine, or in the river, if both be to the skinne? There is ſmall benefit in the choyce, whither we

we goe downe to Hell by degrees or at once.

THE gentle and harmeleſſe ſheepe being conſcious of their owne innocency, how patiently, how quietly, doe they receive the knife, either on the altar, or in the ſhambles? How ſilently and undaunted doe they meet death and give it entrance with ſmall reſiſtance? When the filthie loathſome and harmefull ſwine roare horribly

horribly at the first handling, and with an hideous crying reluctancy, are haled, and held to the slaughter. This seemes some cause to me, why wicked men (conscious of their filthy lives, and nature) so tremble at the remembrances, startle at the name, and with horrour roare at the approach of death: when the godly quietly uncloathe themselves of their lives, and make small difference twixt a naturall nights short sleepe, and the long sleepe of nature.

nature. I will pray not to come to an untimely violent death, I will not violently reſiſt death at the time when it commeth. I will expect and waite my change with patience, imbrace it with cheerefullneſſe, and never feare it as a totall privation.

IT is no ſmall fault to be bad, and ſeeme ſo: it is a greater fault to ſeeme good, and not be ſo: The cloake of diſſimulation is a maine part

part of the garment ſpotted with the fleſh. A vice thus covered is worſe then a naked offenſe. There is no divell to the Hypocrite.

WHen I ſee the Larkers day-net ſpread out in a faire morning, and himſelfe whirling his artificiall motion, and obſerve how by the reflecting luſtre of the ſunne on the wheeling inſtrument, not onely the merry larke, and feare-

full

full Pigeon are dazeled, and drawne with admiration; but ſtowter birds of pray, the ſwift Merlin, and towring Hobbie are inticed to ſtoope, and gazing on the outward forme looſe themſelves. Me thinks I ſee the divels nightnets of inticing harlots fully paraleld, ſpread out for us in the vigour of our youth; which with rowling eyes draw on the luſtfullneſſe of affection, and betray the wantonneſſe of the heart, and with their alluring glances

often make to ſtoope within danger of their fatall nets, not onely the ſimple and careleſſe, but others alſo, men otherwiſe wary and wiſe: who comming within the pull of the net lie at the mercy of that mercileſſe fowler, to their certaine deſtruction. Hence I reſolve when I ſee ſuch glaſſes, to ſhunne ſuch motions, as aſſured that thoſe glaſſes have nets adjoyning; thoſe nets a fowler attending; that fowler a death prepared for me, then which

I cannot die a worſe. I may by chance, I muſt by neceſſity, at ſometime come within their view: I will at no time come within their danger. I cannot well live in this world, and not ſee them at all, I cannot live well in this world, nor at all in the better world, if I bee caught in their fatall nets.

THere bee that make it their glory to feed high, and *fare deliciously every day*, and to maintaine their bodies elementary, ſearch the elements, the earth, ſea, and aire, to maintaine the fire of their appetites. They that thus make *their bellies their Gods* doe *make their glory their ſhame*. I diſtaſte a ſordid diet as unwholſome, I care not to taſte and feed on variety of delicates as unhealthfull

healthfull. Nature contented with a fewthings is cloyed, and quelled with over many: and *digeſtion* her cooke imployed in the concoction of ſo much variety at once, leaves the ſtomacke too fowle a kitchin for health to abide in. Since then ſo to feed may the ſooner end my life, and the end of my life is not ſo to feed, I will bee taught by *Grace* not to live to eat, but eat to live; and maintaine health by a competent diet, not ſurfet with exceſſe.

HE that too much admires the glory of a Princes Court, and drawne up thither (by his ambition) thinks high places to bee the higheſt happineſſe; let him view the foggie miſts, the moiſt vapours, and light exhalations drawne up from the earth by the attractive power of the glorious ſunne-beames: which when they are at higheſt, either ſpend themſelves there in portending

tending meteors, to others terrour and their owne consumption; and either by resolution are turned into raine, or congelation unto hayle or snow, which sinke lower into the earth at their fall, then they were at their assending. For my part, I may admire such a glowing coale. I will not with the Satyr kisse it. As I thinke it not the least and last praise to please Princes; so, I know, it is not the least danger of times to to live with them, *procul*

a Iove procul a fulmine. Hee preſumes too much of his owne brightneſſe that thinkes to ſhine cleere neere the ſunne; where if his light bee his owne it muſt bee obſcured by compariſon: if borrowed from the ſunne, then is it not his, but an others glory. A candle in the nights obſcurity ſhewes brighter then a torch at noone-day. And *Cæſar* thought it a greater glory to be the firſt man in ſome obſcure towne, then the ſecond man in Rome the head

head city of the world.

IT is a common cuſtome (but a lewd one) of them that are common lewd ones, by cuſtome, to wound the fame, and taint the reputation of their neighbours with ſlanders; and having no leſſe impotency in their tongues then impurity in their hearts, forme both opinions and cenſures according to the mould of evill in themſelves. And this they

doe, either with the Lapwing to divert, by their falſe cries, the travelling ſtranger from finding the neſt of their filthineſſe, or with the curtold Fox in the fable, to endevour to have all foxes cut-tayld: or, with the fiſh Sepia, to darken with the pitchie inke of aſperſions, all the water of the neighbourhood, that ſo themſelves may ſcape the net of Cenſure, juſtly caſt to catch them. Or els, to have themſelves thought as good as any other, they will not have

have any thought good, that dwells neere them. I will therefore ſuſpect him as ſcarce honeſt, who would (with a ſlander) make mee ſuſpect an other as diſhoneſt. I will not preſently diſreſpect him as diſhoneſt, whom a lewd perſon diſhoneſteth with ſuſpition. The divell is not more blacke-mouth'd then a ſlanderer; nor a ſlanderer leſſe malicious then the divell.

When

WHen I ſee the ſunne riſing from the Eaſt in glory, like a gyant ready for the courſe, within an houres ſpace obſcured with miſts, darkned with clowds, and ſometimes eclipſed with the Moones inferiour body: and however, without theſe, after noone declining, deſcending, ſetting, and buried under our horizon; I ſeeme to ſee an earthly king mounting

ting his throne in glory, yet ſoone clouded with cares, and feare of dangers: ſometime darkned in honour by the malicious envy of his ſubjects; ſometimes eclipſed in his dominions by the interpoſition of forreigne powers; and however, without theſe, in a ſhort time, deſcending and ſetting at the evening of his life, and ſeldome paſſing the whole day thereof in perfect continuall glory. Then thinke I, O the odds of comfort in that heaven-

ly

ly and theſe earhly kingdomes; O the comfort of this odds; There each Saint is a glorious King; each King hath his incorruptible Crowne; each Crowne a boundleſſe, feareleſſe, endleſſe kingdome. Let mee ſtrive for the glory of ſuch a kingdome onely, which is a kingdome of ſuch glory.

Felices animæ quibus
hæc cognoſcere ſola,
Inq́. domos ſuperûm
ſcandere, cura fuit.

The

THE Lawes in themſelves are the ſcoales of juſtice, the wronged poore-mans ſhelter, the pillars of the Common-wealth: but the abuſed practice makes thoſe ſcoales unequall, that poore-mans ſhelter a mans poore ſhelter for his wrongs. The proofe of this, appeares with the Iuries at the Aſſiſes in their proofes: when one may often diſcerne *perjury* uſher in the evidence to

to the jury, and injury follow with the verdict. I admire with reverence the juſtice and wiſedome of the Lawes: I deplore with compaſſion the abuſed practice of the Lawes, and reſolve, rather to beare with patience an hayle-ſhower of injuries, then to ſeeke ſhelter at ſuch a thicker, where the brambles ſhall pluke off my fleece, and do me more hurt by ſeratching, then the ſtorme would have done by hayling. I care not for that phyſicke, where the reme-

dy

dy is worſe then the diſeaſe.

HOw cunningly doth the Prince of darkneſſe take on him the forme of an Angell of light? How often have ſeeming-ſaints prooved divels? even in thoſe things (lightly) moſt faulty, which they make a ſhew of being moſt free from: Some more prowd of being thought plaine, then a flaunting gallant in his new faſhion. Others refuſing a deſer-

deſerved commendation, onely with a deſire to be commended for refuſing it: The one hating pride with a more proud hatred, the other ſhunning praiſe with a greater vaine-glory. It is bad to have vices, worſe to diſſemble them. *Plato* poſſeſſed his rich bed with leſſe pride then Diogenes trampled on it.

I Meete ſometimes with men whoſe crazed braines ſeeme ſoldered with quick-ſilver; whoſe actions ſtraines run only in odd crotchets; whoſe judgements being hood-winkt with their owne opinion, and paſſion, admit of nought for reaſon, but what their unreaſonable ſelfe-will dictates to them. And then what they will doe, they will doe; and doe it they will with that torrent of vio-

violence, that overturnes all obſtacles of counſell, which croſſe their courſes. From theſe I will learne not to make *Will* my coach-man, unleſſe *Reaſon* runne before to ſhew the way: And if my action muſt paſſe by the waters of uncertaine danger, of all veſſels I will not uſe the *Whirry*. As ſloath ſeldome bringeth actions to good birth: ſo haſty raſhneſſe alwaies makes them abortive, ere well formed.

As

AS in virtues, hee that hath one, hath all: ſo in vices he that hath one hath ſeldome one alone. He that will ſteale, muſt lye; and he that will ſteale, and lye, will ſweare his lye; and ſo eaſily skrue himſelfe up to perjury. He that will be drunke, what will he not be, when he is drunke? and being ſlipt downe from the top of reaſonable ſenſe, where ſtoppeth he from tumbling downe into a beaſtly

beaſtly ſenſuality? I will therefore *give the water no paſſage no not a litle*, leaſt it make a breach, and that breach let in an inundation to drowne the ſweet paſtures of my ſoule. I ſee the divels claw is an entering-wedge, to let in his foot; that foot, his whole body. I will be carefull to ſet a *watch* and *keepe the doore*, that ſinne may have no admittance. I cannot be too carefull, ſo it bee to the purpoſe; it cannot be to the purpoſe, if it be too little.

That

THat the *voyce of the common people is the voyce of* GOD, is the common voice of the people; yet it is as full of falſhood, as commonneſſe. For who ſees not that thoſe blacke-mouth'd hownds, upon the meere ſcate of opinion, as freely ſpend their mouthes in hunting Counter, or like *Actæons* dogges in chaſing an innocent man to death, as if they followed the chaſe of truth it

it ſelfe, in a freſh ſent. Who obſerves not that the voice of the people, yea of that people that voiced themſelves the people of GOD, did proſecute the GOD of all people, with one common voice, *he is worthy to die*. I will not therefore ambitiouſly begg their voices for my preferment; nor *weigh* my *worth* in that *unevven ballance*, in which a feather of opinion ſhall be moment enough to turne the ſcales, and make a light peece go currant, and a currant peece ſeeme light.

There

THere are a ſort of men which are kind men to mee, when they expect ſome kindneſſe from mee: who have their hands downe to the ground in their ſalutations, when the ground of their ſalutations is to have a hand at me, in ſome commodity. But their owne ends once ſerved, their kindneſſe hath its end at once: And then it ſeemes ſtrange to mee, how

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ſtrange they will ſeeme to grow to mee; as if the cauſe (their deſire) being removed the effect (their courteſie) muſt ſtraight ceaſe. I will not acknowledge ſuch my friends, but their owne; and when ever I ſee ſuch inſinuating palpalation, I will bethinke mee what the authors would have of mee. And, with a thrifty diſcretion, rather deny ſuch their requeſts, then, in a prodigall kindnes become their friend, more then mine owne.

I See a number of gallants every where, whoſe incomes come in yearely by ſet numbers, but runne out daily, ſans number. I could pity the caſes of ſuch brave men, but that I ſee them ſtill in brave caſes. And when I ſee them often foxed, methinke the Proverbe ſutes thoſe ſutes, *What is the fox but his caſe?* I ſhould thinke them to bee *Eutrapelus* his enemies, whom he cloathed

richly to make them ſpend freely, and grow deboſhed. I will doe thoſe men right, and wonder at them, becauſe they deſire it. I will not wrong my ſelfe to envie at them, becauſe they deſerve it not, nor to pity them, becauſe they ſcorne it. I know that gorgeous apparell is an ornament to grace the Court, for the glory of the Kingdome, but it is no ornament uſefull in the Kingdome of *Grace*, nor needfull in the Kingdome of glory. A rich coate

coate may be commendable in the *Accidents of armory* onely, but it is not the onely substance of a commendable gentleman. I will value the apparell, by the worthinesse of the wearer; I will not value the worthinesse of the wearer, by the worth of his apparell. *Adam* was most gallantly appareled, when hee was innocently naked.

THe men of moſt credit in our time, are the uſurers. For they credit moſt men: And though their greateſt ſtudy bee *ſecurity*, yet is it uſually their fortune to be fulleſt of *care*. Time is pretious to them: For they thinke a day broke to them, is worth a broke-age from their creditor. Yet this they finde by uſe, that as they have much profit by putting out, ſo muſt they have much

much care to get it in. For debtors are of *Themistocles* his minde, and take not so much care how to repay all, as how they may not pay at all, their creditors, and make this their first resolution, how they may make no resolution at all. I envy not therefore the Usurers gaines, but considering they (as Marchant-adventurers) send abroad their estates in uncertaine vessels, sometime into the bankrupt rivers of prodigality, and unthriftinesse, sometimes into the seas

of caſualities, and misfortunes, that many times their principall comes ſhort home, I thinke, with my ſelfe, Let them gaine much by the adventure, that adventure ſo much to gaine. I will make this uſe of thoſe uſes, as to claime no intereſt in their gaines, *nor to owe any thing to any man but love*. If I lend where need is, and receive my *principall* againe, I will accompt that my principall gaine, and think my courteſie but a commanded charity.

In-

INgratitude is the character of an ill nature in our ſelves, a canker of friendſhip with others, and the very poyſon that kills charity in the embrio, being but newly conceived in the pregnant mindes of good men, and cauſing an abortion of liberality, ere it comes to its intended birth. For who will ſow thoſe barren ſands, where hee knowes hee muſt not onely not ex-

pect a good harveſt, but bee ſure to looſe his ſeed and labour? Yet in theſe times what is more common or more practiſed then this ingratitude? For in receiving benefits, who will not (with *Euclio* in *Plautus*) finde a third hand to reach out to take them? But in requiting, who is not more maymed then the ſtatua's of *Mercury*, which *Alcibiades* ſo mangled that he ſcarce left them a finger to point out the way to travellers? It is ten to one, but we all

all desire to be cured of the leprosies of our wants: yet scarce one of ten of us returnes, to give thankes for the cure. I will not thinke my selfe so inriched by receiving a courtesie, as ingaged to bee thanke-full for it. I am not left a free man at my liberty, by taking a mans free liberality: but I sell my freedome for his benefits. I can not deserve to be gracious with my friend, if, with the *Graces*, I looke not with two faces backe to requite,

as

as well as with one forward to receive.

I Will not much commend others to themselves, I will not at all commend my selfe to others. So to praise any to their faces, is a kinde of flattery: but to praise my selfe to any is the height of folly. Hee that boasts his owne praises, speakes ill of himselfe, and much derogates from his true deserts. It is worthy of blame to affect

affect commendation.

MErily and wittily ſaid *Plautus*, that was one of the mery *wits* of his time, I would (ſaid he) by my will have tale-bearers and tale-hearers puniſhed the one hanging by the tongue, the other by the eares. Were his will a law in force with us, many a tatling goſſip would have her *vowells* turned to *mutes*, and bee juſtly tongue-tied that deſires to bee tyed

tyed by the teeth at your table: wherewith *Theominus* his tooth ſhee gnaweth on the good-name of her neighbour: And many a hungry *Paret* whoſe belly is his *arts*-maſter would ceaſe to ſecond his *ave* to his Lord with depraving tales called *newes*, and make his *grace* after dinner the diſgrace of ſome innocent: And moſt men would give them courſe entertainment, that come to entertaine their eares with diſcourſe of defamative reports. I will be ſilent and barren of diſ-

courſe,

courſe, when I chance to heare a tale rather then go with-childe therwith, till an others eares be my mid-wife, to deliver mee of ſuch a deformed monſter. I may heare a tale of delight, & perhaps ſmile at an innocent jeſt, I will not jeſt, nor joy at a tale diſgracing an innocent perſon.

WHen I ſee a gallant ſhip well rigged, trimmed, tackled, man'd and munition'd with her top and top-gallant, and her ſpread

ſpread ſayles proudly ſwelling with a full gale in faire weather, putting out of the haven into the ſmooth maine, and drawing the ſpectators eyes, with a well-wiſhing admiration, and ſhortly heare of the ſame ſhip ſplitted againſt ſome dangerous rocke, or wracked by ſome diſaſterous tempeſt, or ſunke by ſome leake ſprung in her by ſome accident, me ſeemeth I ſee the caſe of ſome Court-favourite, who to day like *Sejanus* dazeleth all mens eyes with

with the ſplendour of his glory, and with the prowd and potent beake of his powerfull proſperity cutteth the waves and ploweth through the preaſe of the vulgar, and ſcorneth to feare ſome *remora* at his keele below, or any croſſe-windes from above, and yet to morrow on ſome ſtormes of unexpected disfavour, ſprings a leake in his honour and ſinks on the Syrtes of diſgrace, or daſhed againſt the rocks of diſpleaſure is ſplitted and wrack'd

wrack'd in the *Charibdis* of infamy, and ſo concludes his voyage in miſery and misfortune. I will not therefore adventure with the greedy ſhepheard to change my ſheepe into a ſhip of *adventure*, on the ſight of a calme ſea

Vt pelago ſuadente etiam retinacula ſolvas,
Multa tamen latus triſtia ponti us habet.

I Will ſtudy to deſerve my Princes favour, I will not deſire to be a Princes *favourite.* If I fall whence I am, I can raiſe my ſelfe, but to be caſt downe thence were to be cruſhed with a deſperat downe-fall. I preferre a mediocrity though obſcure yet ſafe, before a greater eminency with a farre greater danger.

When

WHen a ſtorme drives mee to ſhelter mee under a tree, I finde that if the ſtorme bee little, the tree defends me, but if the ſtorme bee great, the tree not onely not defends me, but powreth on mee that wet which it ſelfe had received, and ſo maketh me much wetter. Hence inſtructed, I reſolve that if improvidently I fall into ſome ſmall danger of the lawes, I will

will presume to seeke shelter under the armes of some potent friend, but if the tempest of my trouble bee too potent for my friend, I will rather beare all my selfe, then involve my friend in the danger. It would be bad inough for mee to bee drencht with or distrest by the storme of the lawes anger onely; It would be worse to bee drowned with the anger of my storming friend also. My conscience of my ill deserving towards the lawes would inforce

inforce a patience: my remembrance of my well-deſerving to my friend would make the juſt addition of his anger intollerable.

CONtent is the marke wee all ayme at, the *cheefe good* and top of felicitie, to which all mens actions ſtrive to aſcend: But it is ſolely proper to GODS wiſedome to ingroſſe all true content into his owne hand, that hee may ſell it to ſaints by re-

retaile, and inforce all men to buy it of him or want it. Hence is it that a godly man in his meane eſtate, enjoyes more content in GOD, then a King or Emperour in his earths glory and magnificence. I will then ſtrive to purchaſe me a *patent* of content from him that hath the *monopolie* thereof: and then, if I have litle in eſtate, I ſhall have much in content. *Godlineſſe ſhall bee my great riches, whiles I am contented with what I have.*

As

AS in the greater world for man, ſo in the little world of man, as in the outward riches of the one, ſo in the inner treaſures of the other, many poſſeſſe much and enjoy but litle, many have much, and uſe but litle, others uſe much, and but litle well. I ſhall not ſo much endevour to have much wherewithall to doe, as to doe much, with that litle I have. It ſhall not ſo much greeve

greeve mee, that I am a poore *treasurer*, as joy mee, if I have beene a good steward. I could wish I had more to use well, but more wish well to use that I have. If hee were so blamed that imployed not one talent well, what would become of mee, if I had ten, and abused them?

POpular applauſe, and vulgar opinion may blow-up and mount upward the bubble of vaine-glorious minde, till it burſt in the ayre, and vaniſh: But a wiſe man builds his glory on the ſtrong foundation of *vertue*, without expecting or reſpecting the ſlender props of vulgar opinion. I will not *neglect* what *every one thinkes of me*; For that were *impudent diſſolueneſſe*. I will not make

make it my common care, to hearken how I am cared for of the common ſort, and bee over-ſollicitous *what every one ſpeakes of mee*, For that were a toyleſome vanity. I may doe well, and heare ill: And that's a *Kingly happineſſe*. I may doe ill, and heare well: and that's an hypocrites beſt felicity. My actions ſhall make me harmony in my hearts inner chamber: I will not borrow the *Voyces* of the vulgar to ſweeten my muſique.

THe rancor of malice is the true nature of the divell, and the ſoule poſſeſſed therewith is his deareſt darling. For where envy, hate, and revenge take up the whole heart, there GOD hath no roome at all left to *bee in all his thoughts.* I may meet a mad man, and avoid him, I may move a cholericke man, and pacifie him, I may croſſe a furious drunkard,

kerd, and ſhunne him, but a malicious man is more dangerous, implacable, and inevitable then they all. Malice omits no occaſion to doe miſchiefe: and if it miſſe thy body and ſubſtance, it proſecutes thy ſhadow, *Viſam fera ſævit in umbram. My ſoule come not thou into their ſecrets, unto their aſſemblie, mine honour bee not thou united.* I muſt not turne anger out of my nature, I muſt not turne my nature into anger, I muſt *give place to*

Wrath, but not a reſting place, but a place to let it paſſe-by, that I may *let goe diſpleaſure*. I may give entrance to anger on juſt cauſe, I may not give it entertainement on any cauſe, till it ſower with the leaven of malice. I muſt bee angry with ſinne, but I muſt bee *angry and ſinne not*.

When

WHen I plant a choyse flower in a fertile soyle, I see nature presently to thrust up with it, the stinging nettle, the stinking hemlocke, the drowzie poppie, and many such noysome weedes, which will either choake my plant with excluding the sunne, or divert its nourishment to themselves: But if I weed out these at first, my flower thrives to its good-

neſſe and glory. This is alſo my caſe when I endevour to plant grace in the fertill ſoyle of a good wit. For luxurious nature thruſts up with it, either ſtinging wrath, or ſtinking wantonneſſe, or drowzie ſloath or ſome other vices, which robb my plant of its deſired flouriſhing. But theſe being firſt pluckt up, the good wit produceeth in its time, the faire flower of vertue. I will not therefore thinke the beſt wits, as they are wits, fitteſt

to

to make the beſt men, but as they are the beſt purged beſt wits. The ground of their goodneſſe is not the goodneſſe of their wits, but the good weeding and clenſing it. I muſt firſt *eſchew the evill*, ere I can *doe good*, ſupplant vices, ere I can implant virtue.

AS it is never to ſoone to be good: ſo is it never too late to amend. I will therefore neither neglect the

time preſent, nor deſpaire of the time paſt. If I had beene ſooner good, I might perhaps have beene better. If I am longer bad, I ſhall (I am ſure) be worſe. That I have ſtayed long time idle in the market-place deſerves reprehenſion, but if I am late ſent into the vineyard, I have incouragement to worke, *I will give unto this laſt as unto thee.*

When

WHEN I ſee the Husbandman well contented with the cold of froſt and ſnow in the Winter, becauſe, though it chilleth the ground, yet it killeth the charlocke, though it check the wheat ſomewhat in growing, yet it choaketh the weeds from growing at all: Why ſhould I bee moved at the winter of affliction? Why vexed at the quaking fit of a quar-

quartane ague? Why offended at the cold change of affection in my Sommer-friends? If as they ſeeme bitter to my minde or body, they prove healthfull to my bettered ſoule. If my wants kill my wantonneſſe, my poverty check my pride, my diſreſpected ſleighting quell my ambition and vaine-glory, and every weed of vice being thus choaked by afflictions winter, my ſoule may grow fruitfull for heavens harveſt, let my winter be bitter,

bitter, ſo that I be gathered with the good corne at reaping time into the LORDS barne.

AS oft as I heare the Robin-red-breſt chaunt it as cheerefully in September, the beginning of Winter, as in March the approach of the Summer, why ſhould not we (thinke I) give as cheerefull entertainement to the hoare-froſty hayres of our ages winter, as to the

the Primroſes of our youths ſpring? Why not to the declining ſunne in adverſity, as (like *Perſians*) to the riſing ſunne of proſperity? I am ſent to the Ant, to learne induſtry; to the Dove, to learne innocency; to the Serpent, to learne wiſedome; And why not to this bird to learne equanimity and patience; and to keepe the ſame tenour of my mindes quietneſſe, as well at the approach of calamities winter, as of the ſpring of happineſſe?

pineſſe? And, ſince the Romans conſtancy is ſo commended, who changed not his countenance with his changed fortunes, Why ſhould not I, with a Chriſtian reſolution, hold a ſteddy courſe in all weathers, and though I be forced with croſſe-windes, to ſhift my ſailes, and catch at ſide-windes, yet skilfully to ſteere, and keepe on my courſe, by the *Cape of good hope*, till I arive at the haven of eternall happineſſe?

The

THE ſame water which being liquid is penetrated with an horſehaire, will beare the horſe himſelfe when it is hard frozen. I muſe not then that thoſe precepts and threats of GODS judgements enter not into the hardned hearts of ſome old men, frozen by the practice of ſinne, which pierce and penetrate deepe into the tender hearts and melting conſciences of yonger folks thawed

thawed with the warmth of GODS feare. Hence ſee I the cauſe why *the ſword of the Word*, ſo ſharpe, that it *ſerveth* in ſome to *divide the joyntes and marrow*, in others glaunceth or reboundeth without dint or wound, from their criſtall frozen and adamantine hearts. I cannot promiſe my ſelfe to bee free from ſinne, I were then no man: but I will purpoſe in my ſelfe to bee free from hardneſſe of heart, by cuſtome and continuance in ſinne, I may erre

erre in my way, I will not perſiſt and goe on in my errours, till I cannot returne againe into my way. I may ſtumble, I may fall, but I will not lye ſtill when I am fallen.

WHen I ſee two game-cocks at firſt ſight, without premeditated malice fight deſperatly and furiouſly, the one to maintaine the injury offered, the other to revenge the injury received by the firſt

firſt blow and to maintaine this quarrell, not onely dye the pit with their bloud, but die in the pit with their mutuall bloudy wounds, me thinkes I ſee the ſucceſſe of thoſe duëllers of our time; which being ambitious of *Achilles* his praiſe, *Pelidis juvenis cedere neſcij*, deſperatly and furiouſly adventure their lives heere, and indanger their ſoules heereafter onely for the vaine termes of falſe honour. I will not ſay but that being fleſh and bloud I may

may be careleſſe of my fleſh and bloud to revenge injurious indignities offered me: yet ſince as a tenant my ſoule muſt anſwer her Landlord for reparations of the houſe ſhe dwels in; and I have no warrant of GOD or man for ſuch revenge, I will not kill my owne ſoule to kill an other mans body. I will not pull the houſe of my body on my ſoules head in a fury; that GOD may make them both fuell for the fury of hell fire.

When

WHen I view *the heavens declaring the glory of GOD, and the firmament ſhewing his handy worke*, and conſider that each litle numbred ſtarre even of the ſixth magnitude, containeth the earths dimenſion 18. times in bigneſſe by Aſtronomers concluſions, I eaſily deſcend to conſider the great difference of earthly mens glory, and that weight of glory affoorded the Saints

Saints in heaven. For what a poore ambition is it to bee the beſt man in a City? What's a City to a Shire? What a Shire to the whole Iſland? What this Iſland to the Continent of Europe? What Europe to the whole Earth? What that Earth to a Starre? What that Starre to Heaven? and that to the Heaven of Heavens? And ſo by a retrogradation how little? How nothing is this poore glory. I finde many which ſay, *hoc nihil eſt aliquid:*

aliquid: I finde in my ſelfe cauſe to ſay, *hoc aliquid nihil eſt.* If I needs will bee ſomebody by my ambition, I will bee ambitious to bee ranged with the Saints in Heaven rather then ranked with the Kings on earth: ſince *the leaſt in the Kingdome of Heaven is greater then they.*

I Saw once a Ierfalcon let fly at an Heron, and obſerved with what clamour the Heron entertain'd the ſight and approach of the Hawke, and with what winding ſhifts hee ſtrave to get above her, labouring even by bemuting his enemies feathers to make her flagg-winged and ſo eſcape: but when at laſt they muſt needs come to a neceſſitated encounter, reſuming courage out of

of neceſſity hee turned face againſt her, and ſtriking the Hawke thorough the gorge with his bill fell downe dead together with his dead enemie. This ſight ſeemed to mee the event of a great ſute in Law, where one truſting to his caſes potency more then his cauſes equity, endeavours to diſinherit his ſtubborne neighbour by colourable titles to his land. Heere may you heare the clamorous obloquies of the wronged and ſee the many

turnings and winding *Meanders* in the Law ſought out to get above his adverſary. And laſtly when the iſſue muſt come to tryall, oftentimes in the grapple they both ſinke to beggery by the Law whiles lawfully they ſeeke to get above each other. Hence warned againſt potent enemies I will alway pray, LORD *make mee not a prey unto their teeth*; and againſt an equall or inferiour I will not borrow the lawes extreme right to doe him extreme

extreme wrong: nor fall to law with any body till I fall by law, to bee no body. I will not doe that to have my will, which will undoe my ſelfe of what I have, by my will-fullneſſe.

THe Pſalmiſt doth not ſlander the ſlanderers, when in a good deſcription of their bad natures, hee ſaith, *their throat is an open ſepulcher, &c. the poyſon of Aſpes is under*

their lippes. For what more loathſome ſtench, and noiſome ſmells can a new opened ſepulcher belch out, then theſe venomous open throated ſlanderers? And well may their lips containe the poyſon of *Aſpes*, of which *Lucan* ſaith, *in nulla plus eſt ſerpente veneni*, when a few words of theirs ſhall (like a Witches ſpell) charme and ſtrike dead a mans deereſt reputation. I will therefore indeavour to make my actions of that vertue, that as an antidote

of

of *Mithridates* his beſt confection, they may repell the worſt infection thoſe ſerpents ſhall ſpit at mee. And albeit I cannot bee free from their aſſaults (from which none is freed) yet I will not with *Cleopatra* ſet thoſe *Aſpes* ſo neere my heart that they may ſtop my vitall ſpirits with their poyſon. And ſince I muſt paſſe thorough this *Africa* of monſters and harmefull beaſts, I will carefully feare and ſhunne the worſt of tame beaſts the *flatterer*,

and of wild beasts the *slanderer*.

MEditation is a busie search in the store-house of fantasie for some Idea's of matters, to bee cast in the moulds of resolution into some formes of words or actions; In which search when I have used my greatest diligence, I finde this in the conclusion, that to meditate on the Best is the best of Meditations:

tions: and a resolution to make a good end is a good end of my resolutions.

A Meditation of the Authors found written before a Sermon of his for EASTER-day.

MY heart a matter good indites; O then
Lord make my tongue a ready writers pen:

That ſo aſſiſted by thy graces art,
Thy grace unto the world I may impart:
So raiſe my thoughts, my willing minde ſo bleſſe,
That I thy glorious riſing may expreſſe.
And rayſ'd from death of ſinfull ignorance,
Thy ſelfe-advancing power may advance.
And if my ſimple willingneſſe wants skill,
Thou mad'ſt me willing; LORD accept my will.

An

An other written before a Sermon of his on the 51. Pſalme, verſe 1.

LORD guide my tongue, that covets to declare,
How great my ſinnes, how good thy mercies are.

I both would ſhew, and yet ſo great is either,
That whil'ſt I both would ſhew I can ſhew neither.
They both are infinite, they both began
Ere I beginning had, or ſhape of man.
Where then ſhall I begin, with hope to ſhew
How great both are, who both exceeding know?
Mercy ſtill pardons, ſinne doth ſtill offend,
And being endleſſe both, where ſhall I end?

Thou

Thou first and last, whose mercy *heale my sin,*
Shew me to end, and teach me to begin.

The

The laſt thing the Author wrote a few daies before his death.

A Bubble broke, its ayre looſeth,
By which loſſe the bubble's loſt.
Each froſt the fayreſt flower brooſeth
Whoſe lives vaniſh with that froſt.
Then wonder not we die, if life be ſuch,
But rather wonder whence it is we live ſo much.

Tales long or ſhort, whether offending
Or well pleaſing have their end.
The glaſſe runnes, yet the ſet-time ending
Every atom doth deſcend.
If life be ſuch (as ſuch life is tis ſure)
When tales and times find ends why ſhould life ſtill indure?

This

This world is but a walke of paine
That ha's onely end by death.
This life's a warre in which we gaine
Conquest by the losse of breath.
Who would not war-fare end and travells ceaſe
To live at home in reſt and reſt at home in peace?

Nothing

Nothing heere but conſtant paines
Or unconſtant pleaſures be:
Worthleſſe treaſures, looſing gaines,
Scantie ſtore, chaynd liberty.
If life affoord the beſt no better fate,
How welcome is that death, that betters that bad ſtate?

What's

What's the earth when trimmeſt dreſt
To that criſtall ſpangled dwelling?
Yet the Saint in glory leaſt
Is in glory farre excelling.
Glorious Redeemer *let this earth of mine*
Thy glorious body ſee and in thy glory ſhine.

Oft

Oft I ſee the darkſome night
To a glorious day returning:
As oft doth ſleepe intombe my ſight
Yet I wake againe at morning.
Bright Sunne *returne, when ſleepe hath ſpent deaths night,*
That theſe dimne eyes of mine may in thy light ſee light....

FINIS.